

LATIN SCHOOL RECISTER

FEB.
... 1897

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No. 6

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Latin School Register

VOL. XVI. No. 6.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

A Golden Capture.

By JOSEPH O'GORMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

But the bandits had calculated too carelessly when they figured on destroying their pursuers by pushing them into the lake. For the waters were excessively deep and the men were cool-headed and had some experience in diving, so that there was a chance for their escape, which they took. The appearance of several Indians compelled the robbers to leave their station, so that the party were not disturbed in making their way out of the lake. But they were in no pleasant predicament, for a plunge of eighty feet (even though into deep water) shakes one up pretty badly, unless one is used to it. All of the five were more or less stunned and bruised, and Tom, who had fallen in shallower water than the others, sustained a sprained wrist on his left side, which was painful in the extreme, though it interfered little with his shooting. The plucky fellow resisted all the entreaties of his friends to go home and have the injured member properly attended to, flatly refusing to leave the party until its object was accomplished, so Mr. Hernfault did his best for him on the spot.

Meanwhile the Indians had been pursuing the bandits, and in the course of their search for the trail, which they had lost, they came to the basin, where they were joined by their leaders, who, though faint and hungry, and with half the deer in their packs, took part in the search and kept it up until all hope of finding their opponents by their intended course was gone, when they succumbed to nature, and, after getting a good meal and drying themselves thoroughly, they slept for a few hours, and then spent the remainder of the afternoon in fruitless and desultory search. They then came to the conclusion that they must adopt a different plan of operations. Searching for the cave was a signal failure, so they decided to lay in ambush, to work by night,—in short, to do anything which would enable them to take the bandits off their guard.

The next morning they were up with the sun, and

their first care was to procure food. They spent no time searching for venison; a few birds and hares, knocked over with an improvised sling, went with the berries and fruits which grew in the neighborhood, to make up their breakfast, with enough over to last them for the rest of the day, and this diet sufficed in the future, also.

Breakfast over, they followed a path which had recently been used by the bandits for four miles, but just as supreme confidence was creeping over the party the trail ended, like so many others, in a vast stretch of rock. The trail in the other direction led the party to a gorge whose many exits of bare brown stone gave them no aid. The remainder of the day they passed without event in patrolling the district. Darkness arrived, and they tried their hands at night-work for the first time: that is, the white portion of the party, for the Indians could sleep, and needed to do so. It was not wholly successful. Mr. Hernfault had not gone fifty yards when he stumbled over a mound of earth, and falling heavily forward, cut himself severely upon a sharp rock, though he kept on bravely. A dozen times that night some one of the quartette pictured a human form out of the multitudinous shadows of the darkness, and rudely broke the peacefulness of the night with the harsh report of his rifle. Many slips and falls they sustained, but fortunately no severe injuries. In spite of their anxiety there came a time when their eyelids would droop, let them do what they could, and the bright stars in the heavens seemed a maze of dull, flickering light. Then they sought their camp, but alas! their troubles were not yet over for the night, for they knew not so much as the general direction of the place. Therefore they were constrained to wait for dawn, and as they must have sleep, they lay down where they were, with no guard to ward them from sudden attack. But they were not molested, and when they awoke the sun was well advanced on its daily journey. Proceeding to the camp, about which they had been making their nocturnal peregrinations, in a circle, they found the Indians still sleeping soundly; they awoke them speedily, and set out for a day of hard work. The valley was soon left far behind, and the hills were being thoroughly

searched. They investigated anything bearing the slightest resemblance to a cave, while places where the bandits had been were paid special attention. But not a sight of the bandits did they get that morning. It was far into the afternoon when their efforts were crowned with success, if success it may be termed. They were ascending one of the highest mountains of the range; about half-way up there is a steep incline for about two hundred feet, all smoothed off, made doubtless by some landslide. Above it is a stony tract, replete with small, loose boulders. When they reached the lower end of this sweep Mr. Allen spied a head, but had scarcely time to raise his gun when one of the boulders was set in motion and was followed by a complete avalanche of stones and dirt. They had just time to throw themselves upon the ground when the storm came.

CHAPTER XII.

Every one knows that when large stones come rapidly down the mountain-side they take big jumps and touch only at a few places, so that any one lying on the ground has a promising chance of escape. Thus it was with our party. Of course the smaller stones kept closer to the ground, and every one was decidedly worse for the adventure, being badly bruised, but only one boulder reached its mark; it crushed a poor Indian utterly beyond recognition. Mr. Allen was struck on the head by a small stone and rendered unconscious for some time, while several of the party fainted from loss of blood, before Mr. Heintault, himself as badly injured as any, could attend to them though fortunately nearly all had risen at once after the storm passed, and the bandits, on seeing the failure of their project, fled and did not molest the party.

When the party was ready to start, after two hours of rest and repair, they found that their baggage was safe with the exception of two guns; but as there was one less in the party now, and all had two revolvers, this circumstance did not bother them. After interring the remains of the Indian, then, they went rapidly up the steep incline to the top, where the rocks had started from. There they obtained some information in the unfamiliar branch of warfare of which they had become the victims. The boulders had all been placed in position, the smaller ones in front and the one which began the avalanche further back. None would start without an impetus, but to make assurance doubly sure large pieces of tree-trunks had been placed under them. All these stays were connected by strong rope, and one vigorous pull at this rope had set the whole mass on its journey. Much pains had been taken to prepare this attack. It must have proved a hard

task to start the large boulder, and since it removed one of the most useful members of the party it cannot be said to have failed entirely of its mission.

After witnessing, with hearts grateful for their escape, this desperate invention of the bandits, they set out in pursuit. Their task for a time was easy; there were but two ways of escape, and they knew that the bandits had not taken the downward path, for it led along by the side of the slide. So they went up the pass until they reached its separation into two parts, but the soft clay showed which path the robbers had taken. It was growing late, and darkness was rapidly descending upon them; the party was hungry and tired, the wind was strong and bitterly cold, they were faint from their previous exertions and mishaps, but still they struggled on, ever onward and upward. The vegetation ceased; they found themselves once more on the bare rock, but the ever-vigilant eyes of the Indians made out in the darkness which was fast enveloping the mountains a few dim, indistinct forms which were utterly invisible to the duller eyes of the leaders of the party. A little further they go; Fred is enabled to make out the group of robbers; then Mr. Heintault's vision serves him in good stead, and so on, until at length all the party are able to descrie the object of their search. Much encouraged, they press on with renewed zeal. The force of the wind increases greatly, the sky grows blacker; suddenly the flood-gates of the heavens are opened, and the torrents of rain and hail pour down upon the party.

The bandits are no longer visible. For a while the party blindly continue their journey; then, fearful of coming upon their prey too suddenly and being caught, as it were, in ambush,—for it is now so dark that objects cannot be seen three yards ahead,—they desist and look (or, more correctly, feel) around for a suitable camping place, but none presented itself. Wet through, chilled to the bone, with no food and no resting place, they were in a sad predicament. They groped about for some form of shelter for almost an hour, when they succeeded in finding a great rock overhanging a little glen which was partially protected from both wind and rain. It was a poor place, but they remained there for a long time rather than breast the storm and search for a better one. Then they decided that a fire was indispensable, so they set out once more, going down the mountain-side to a wooded district. This was very, very dangerous. No one knew whether his next step would bring him into a gorge or over a precipice. An Indian was sent ahead. He crept on hands and knees all the way for his greater security.

The hail had now become predominant in the storm and a little snow was also mingled with it, making a slippery combination and affording a very treacherous foothold. It is said that the unexpected always happens, but the adage cannot be applied to this case. Every one was in a continual fear of slipping, and at length, in an unusually strong blast of wind, Tom braced himself, missed his footing, fell, and with a loud cry sped rapidly down the rocky mountain-side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Billy's Servant Proved His Worth.

When the guard at the gate demanded a pass, Billy was completely nonplussed, and it seemed to him that fate itself was working against him. The ready Antoine was not so easily taken back, for he instantly said: "Oh, that's all right; you are only doing your duty; des Vignes said we probably should be stopped, so he gave me his signet-ring in order to be sure that we got off immediately and not wait for the delay which would arise if we had a pass, as the officer of the guard would be obliged to come from the guard-house to examine it."

While he was saying this he drew a large ring from his finger and showed it to the sentinel. The guard carefully examined it as Antoine held it out in his hand, and then said: "I suppose it must be all right; you can pass."

He unlocked the heavy gates and then unbarred them, and Billy was just passing through the opening which the sentinel made by swinging one of the gates in a couple of feet when the loud clang of a bell was heard from the castle.

"The tocsin!" the guard cried. "A prisoner has escaped. You cannot pass now!" and he attempted to bar the opening with his gun, and at the same moment he cried at the top of his voice, "*A moi, mes camarades!*" Billy's horse recoiled, but Antoine spurred forward and pierced the guard through the body before the latter could fire, and then, passing through the opening, the two fugitives galloped down the road.

Antoine took the lead, and, after galloping a couple of hundred yards due south, turned sharply to the left and, leaving the road, started across the fields. The land had recently been ploughed, and the soft earth deadened the sound of the horses' hoofs.

"We shall have to give up Marseilles now," said Antoine to Billy as the latter rode up to his side. "They know now what we were aiming for, and would surely head us off."

"You are right," rejoined Billy. "I thought it over as I was riding from the river to Monthicon, and it seemed to me that the best plan, if I escaped, would be to turn south-east to Savoy, and thence to Genoa by way of Turin. They can never find out before daybreak where we left the road, and we shall have at least six hours start on them by that time."

For several hours they rode on in silence over the fields, which stretched smooth and level to the west. Twice they had to cross small streams, but

each was so narrow that their horses easily swam it. Once they came to a road which ran parallel to the one which they had left, but they crossed it and kept on to the west. They heard no signs of pursuit, and consequently judged that they had completely outwitted their pursuers.

In order to render pursuit doubly difficult they followed a second parallel road about half a mile northward before they struck east. This ruse they concluded would completely baffle their enemies. Towards dawn they passed through the outskirts of a large village, of whose name both were ignorant. After passing this the country became woody, and soon the trees were so dense that the riders had to proceed very slowly. Luckily, however, they struck a forest-road which stretched towards the east. They followed this for about ten miles; then the road dwindled into a foot-path, and soon disappeared altogether. The underbrush was now so heavy that Billy and his servant were obliged to dismount and lead their horses. They progressed this way about a mile, and at length came in sight, just as the day was breaking, of a small hut. Closer examination showed it to be a deserted charcoal burner's cabin, and from all appearances it had not been used for a long time. The weary fugitives led their tired horses up to this shanty, and, having tethered them in such a way that they could get the full benefit of the little grass that was around, entered the hut.

There was no furniture in the cabin, but in one corner was a large heap of dried leaves, and both men, knowing that they were secure from detection, threw themselves down on the heap to rest their tired frames. They had travelled about forty miles since leaving Monthicon, and were now only a few miles east of the Loire, on the other side of which was the province of the powerful Duke of Burgundy. Once in this province, the fugitives would be able to feel safer, for the Duke was a firm friend of De Marguac and a bitter enemy of Chateaubriand.

It was, perhaps, ten o'clock when Antoine awoke. He got up and went out, and returned in about an hour with a couple of birds of the pheasant species which he had knocked over with a sling he had improvised. He started a small fire with some dry sticks, cooked the birds, and then woke Billy. The Major was very indignant with himself for allowing Antoine to go about more than was necessary in the weak condition in which he was, and would not eat a morsel until he had carefully washed and bound Antoine's wound as deftly as he could with the materials at hand. The long gash in the side was quite deep and must have bled very freely, and Billy marvelled at the devotion which caused his follower to ride from La Chaire to Monthicon in the terrible condition in which he was.

The two birds furnished a very creditable dinner, and after the travellers had quenched their thirst at the brook which ran beside the hut, Antoine said: "I suppose you are curious to know what befell me after you left me in the castle, and I, of course, want to hear your story, although I know the circumstances of your capture; and since your story will be shorter than mine, perhaps you had better tell your's first."

Briefly related what befell him after entering the underground passage, all of which events are familiar to readers of this story, and then Antoine began:

"You can imagine my surprise when I saw Chateaunoire's men emerge from the opening less than ten minutes after you went down it, and I, of course, imagined you had been captured. They spied me the very first thing, and they thought I was sleeping, for one of them crept up to me stealthily with a dagger in his hand and would have stabbed me had I not moved enough to show him in what condition I was. Then they gathered 'round me, and one of them cut the leather straps that bound me and, putting a loaded pistol to my head, made me rise, and threatened to blow my brains out if I didn't disclose where you were. About fifteen minutes had elapsed since the band entered the castle, and I judged that you had made good your escape, for I could tell by their conversation that you had eluded them in the passage in some miraculous manner. I knew it would be useless to say that you had gone out the opening into the courtyard, for I knew that they would not believe that because they had so many men on guard there, so I simply told the truth and went on with a whole lot of stuff about how you and I had had a quarrel, and how you had finally overcome me and bound me, and how I longed for a chance to pay you back, and all the rest of the yarn we had agreed upon. At first they would not believe me, but later Chateaunoire himself arrived and I had to tell the whole story over again, and I ended up by saying that if they would give me a chance I would prove my hatred of you."

"It was a very trying moment, for if I could not get them to believe me I knew they would kill me on the spot; but assistance came from an unexpected quarter, for one of the men stepped out and told how one of the party, as he thought, had dropped back to get a lost dagger just about the time the torch went out. I started a little as I recognized the speaker. He was the man-at-arms with whom you were fighting when I threw the pewter plate through the inn window, and he looked a perfect fiend with his mouth smashed in and all his front teeth out. He was a burly fellow, and the savage

way in which he eyed me made my fingers itch to have a dagger in them. Nevertheless his testimony proved my statement true, for all the rest of the party denied that they had left their places in the underground passage."

"Chateaunoire acted like a wild man when he perceived how he had been duped again. I think he would have killed all the party who had entered the castle through the secret way if it had been in his power. After raving at their stupidity and simpleness, he had the sense to send men out in pursuit of you, and he ordered the entire party who had been so cleverly fooled to return in disgrace to La Chaire. When he got through with them he turned sharply on me, and I thought I was destined for the beautiful pasture-land of Elysium, because my story seemed so flimsy and false that I thought he would see through our whole plan at once. But I was mistaken, for he ordered me to La Chaire with the rest of the band. I ventured to say that I should be glad to help him all I could in running you down, for I knew if I went to La Chaire I could never keep our appointment, but he turned on me like an enraged lion and thundered out, 'No! You are yet to prove that you can be trusted'."

"I now saw that our plan was entirely upset, and that I should be virtually a prisoner at La Chaire. I need not tell you about our ride to Chateaunoire castle, for it was uneventful. The band were sullen and uncommunicative, and I could see that they eyed me with suspicion. There were about seventy-five retainers in the stronghold, and our band joined them. We had ridden slowly during the night, and it was almost noon of the following day when we arrived at La Chaire, and as I was very tired I lay down on some straw in the guard-room and went to sleep. I was awakened late in the afternoon by hearing a great commotion in the court-yard. I instantly sprang up and went out to see what was the matter, for I thought possibly they might have captured you and brought you there a prisoner."

"I had been furnished with a doublet with the Chateaunoire insignia on it when I arrived at the castle, and consequently I looked like the rest of the men-at-arms. I saw that a horseman had just arrived with messages. He appeared to have ridden fast and far, for his horse was covered with sweat and he himself was all dusty and travel-stained. The rider had just dismounted, and was speaking rapidly to a group which encircled him when I joined the crowd."

"He was a messenger from the Duke, and was relating the particulars of your capture, and my heart sank within me as I heard him say that you were taken to Monthicon, for I had hoped you would be taken, if captured, to La Chaire, where I might

possibly help you. The fellow spoke on for a while and suddenly stopped—"I am forgetting myself; some one of you take up this packet to the Duchess, I am dirty and dusty." I instantly stretched out my hand and seized the letter, and started towards the Duchess's apartments. I knew from what I had gleaned from the conversation of the band that the Duchess was Chateaubain's mother, his only living relative, and I thought that possibly some reference to your fate might be in the letter. When I got inside the castle, I carefully untied the strings,—it was not sealed,—and read it. It was brief, but its contents filled me with horror, for it read as follows: 'Greetings to Madame: We have taken the murderer Devereaux, and he will be shot at Monthicon tomorrow morning. HENRI'

"I hastily tied it up again and took it to her lady's apartments and gave it to a maid to give to her, and then went down into the courtyard to think it over. I saw the only hole for your life rested in me, and that I must get away to Monthicon at any cost. I knew I could not leave the castle before nightfall without being discovered, but fortune aided me unexpectedly.

"About seven o'clock I saw your horse being led out, and the burly man-at-arms, whom I have mentioned before, preparing for a journey. Presently one of the Duchess's maids brought down a letter to him, and it instantly flashed through my mind that it was the answer to the note I read. If I could but get the note and horse. The only way seemed to be to lie in wait for the messenger outside the castle and shoot him as he went by. I escaped unnoticed through a small postern gate and hurried down the road. I had hoped to get far enough away from the castle to shoot the rider, but the hoof beats, which soon were heard, warned me that the rider was too near the castle to risk a pistol-shot, for the noise would bring out all the men-at-arms. I had to try a different plan; I drew my dagger, stepped to the side of the road, and as the horse was almost upon me, leaped out. The horse shied violently, and as he did so, I leaped on his back and plunged my dagger into the rider's body." F. H., '97.

A well-known tennis player was recently heard humming the following lines:

"And we wonder, as plugging the study-hour through,

And drawing alternates, to boot,

If the yarn they tell about Euclid is true,

That he thought geometry 'fruit.'"

There is a suspicion that he did not know his Z's.

The Adventure of the Spring Balance; or,

The Missing Air Pump Stopper.

It is with a feeling of deep reluctance that I take up my No. 404 pen to chronicle another adventure of Sherlock Holmes but as it has been said that I never related any of Sherlock's failures, I will mention one of his adventures which turn out wrong side in.

It was in the fall of 1896. I had not seen Holmes for about a month, and I was seated one rainy evening in my study with my wife. Suddenly I heard the jangling of the bell (I have had the gong taken out: I like a bell much better), and I knew it was Holmes, because I could see him through the window. The maid let him in, and he came into the study with the thin, pale look you always read about. He also had a bottle-green taste in his mouth, which my medical knowledge tells me is caused by imbibing Crème de Menthe (so L— says). Holmes bowed to my wife and then turned to me and said sharply:

"Watson, you've been smoking."

"How do you know?" I said, for the way Holmes found out such things was a mystery to me.

"Simple enough, I see a lighted cigar in your hand."

I shook my head in amazement at this new proof of Holmes' supernatural powers.

"Another thing," he said, "it is wet outside."

"Why is that?" I said.

"Because it is raining," Holmes said, with that little show of vanity he sometimes exhibits.

"You look tired," I said; "have a glass of spring water."

"No, thanks," he said in a deprecating manner.

"You have always said I have a cast-iron constitution, and water, you know, would rust it. Pray don't laugh, I heard that down at the Lyceum. Watson," he continued, "I met my first great defeat last week; you see this card? Well, those are the men that encompassed my Waterloo."

I looked at the card, on which was inscribed five names: "Arthur Williston, X-Ray Pritchard, Robert French, Eugene Hale, and Leo James, B.T., Slippery Village College, South-east Yucatan."

"What does B.T. mean?" I asked.

"That means Big Type; it's an honorary degree granted by the Jaog 'Ra liator.'"

"Why, how did you get from Yucatan in a week? I heard you were in town the 31st of November."

"Oh, I took the *School car*; that's always on time."

"So I've heard," said I. "Did you pay your fare?"

Holmes gave me a knowing wink.

"Yes, Watson," he said, "I was defeated. It was a peculiar case. I received a letter from my old college chum, Jack Peterson, Professor of Inertia and Work at Slippery Village College, saying that a spring-balance, set with diamonds, valued at five thousand kilograms, and a gold air-pump stopper of like value, both gifts from the Slippery Village School Committee, and for that reason highly prized, had been purloined from his laboratory. With the letter came three drafts on the Montgomery Bank,—a cold draft, forced draft, and a warm draft,—to pay my expenses to Yucatan, to ferret out the *mean, despicable, low, cowardly* purloiner. I packed my bag, took out the remains of Friday's lunch, and whistling with a gay heart the Fifth Yell, started for Yucatan.

"Arriving at Yucatan, I took the Subway to Slippery Village, and went immediately to Jack Peterson's to get the details of the theft. Jack was looking hale and hearty, and was adding up the figures of the last glass tube and paper bill. As he was engaged I waited three hours and a quarter until he was through, and then we buckled down to business.

"It seems that Mr. Peterson was in the laboratory boiling a thermometer when he first noticed the loss of the apparatus. All the boys were searched, but none of them had anything on them (it was a warm day), so suspicions could not point to them, unless the articles, which usually were near the barometer, had been taken previously. I obtained some data in regard to the missing articles; the specific gravity of the stopper was 13.6, and the centre of gravity of the balance was six feet from the ton mark. With this scanty data I set to work, but the task seemed hopeless. I found out by questioning the boys that the air-pump stopper was usually full of baloon juice, specific gravity .00126, but that was as far as I got. There didn't seem the faintest sign of a clew. Malony, Murphy, Haney, Gilford, and all the boys seemed innocent. At last I gave it up and acknowledged I was beaten. Mr. Peterson appreciated my efforts and gave me the cold draft (frosty face) as a Christmas present. I determined to start back to London, and therefore turned up my 'pants,' but in some curious way the trolley of the school car came off, and I had to wait two days until they glued it on again (this is not a hit at the West End Strike). To pass away the time I went on a hunting trip in the wilds near the College. I had gone a short way from the buildings when I noticed a number of monkeys "doing a dutch" to a large maple tree which stood in an open space, each monkey carrying

a number of cocoanuts. I followed the crowd and saw to my amazement the missing stopper stuck in the maple tree and a little monkey sucking for all he was worth at it, and about two hundred monkeys waiting in line for their turn, behind him. To the right was a large monkey with the spring balance, weighing those who had got through; and charging two cocoanuts for every decigram they weighed in advance of what they did before sucking. Nailed on the tree was the sign:

'GIVE THE LITTLE SUCKERS A CHANCE.'

"I chased the monkeys away and got the missing articles, but I was greeted by an awful storm of cocoanuts. Everything was clear now. An ingenious monkey had clambered through an open window and had stolen the stopper and balances, and had put them to that strange use. So, although I acknowledged defeat, fortune made me a partial victor."

F. H., '97.

Dr Merrill has received a letter from Francis E. Davis, secretary and treasurer of the class of '84, B. L. S., the substance of which follows: The members of this class desire to see the Latin School take a higher position in athletics. They regret exceedingly to be compelled, at the end of each base-ball and foot-ball season, to look near the bottom of the list for the standing of B. L. S. They propose to offer incentives to athletics in order to raise the standard of athletics in the old Latin School. The class has decided this year to donate a silver cup to the man on the '97 base-ball nine who has the highest batting average in the interscholastic games, as officially recorded and approved by Dr. Merrill.

In a former year a cup was donated to the best batter on the nine, and was won by Mackie. That year the Latin School won the championship for the first and only time. Now, let us profit by the example of the base-ball nine of '89, and may the purple-and-white wave above the colors of all the other schools in the league. Let all who can play at all, or ever could play, try for the team, and help form a nine which will place B. L. S. at the top of the list instead of at the bottom. Surely if a class of the school that graduated thirteen years ago takes such an interest in the athletics of the school as to offer a prize for the best batter of the ball-team, what interest ought we, who are now members of the school, to take, and what ought we to do to place her in an enviable position?

Puppes in litore fremunt: "The puppies growl on the shore"

The Latin School Register.

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Contributions are solicited from undergraduates

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.

Published by The Latin School Register Co., at the Boston Latin School, Warren Ave., Boston, Mass.

PRINTED BY S RING LANE PRESS, BOSTON.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

A certain western paper opens its columns, in a January issue to a writer who wishes to show the world how little he (or, very likely, she) knows about foot-ball. In the first paragraph occurs the utterly false statement that, in the year 1894, forty-six deaths resulted from inter-collegiate foot-ball games. Now, almost any one who has followed the annals of our great game closely knows that *only six* lives have been lost in foot-ball in this country during the *twenty* years in which foot-ball has been played as it is at present, and *only one* of these resulted from a great college game,—the case at Georgetown,—the others being chiefly in country towns, and resulting from games between teams which knew as little of the game as the writer of this libellous article. This is the fact, as stated in a well-known and reputable Philadelphia paper. A few weeks ago seven persons lost their lives in Boston in a single night from the escape of gas, and forty-seven persons suffered a like fate within three months. Why not abolish gas? Its turn comes long before foot-ball.

The writer of the article also states that during the same year (1894) only twelve Spaniards met their death in the bull-ring. There is no reason to suppose that these figures are any more correct than the others, but it matters little. We have an infinitely more important question to ask. How many bulls, accurate statisticians, were cruelly slaughtered in this manner? For it would be no lamentable occurrence if the whole race of bloody bull-fighters should be exterminated. The writer goes on to state that the Mexicans can not bear a foot-ball contest. Perhaps their feelings on this

point are analogous with those of the Tuscans of old, who

"Raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow,"

and they cannot appreciate a sport in which skill is paramount and brute strength occupies only fourth or fifth place.

We call the attention of this apostle of reform, who, in all probability, never saw the "disgusting spectacle" of a foot-ball game, and depends for all knowledge of it on papers of the calibre of the *New York World*, to an article in a former issue of this paper, in which he (or she) will find the sentiments of one who has followed the game carefully and boasts some knowledge of it, and for his (or her) information let us say that foot-ball here in the East is approved and forwarded by persons whose education and refinement is at least equal to that of a person who talks of a "crack" team, uses "contrariwise" in prose, and says that pernicious influences very rarely surround cock-fights and bull-fights.

How history does repeat itself, to be sure! The other day our office boy overheard the following conversation on Walpole street:

"Well, who cut it, anyway?"

"I can't tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet."

And the culprit has a surname which has attained glory, too, quite fit to have "Abe" prefixed to it.

THE true Bostonian never loses his dignity and composure, but is always serene in whatever exigency. The latest illustration of this generally conceded fact hails from Oklahoma. A young Bostonian was recently arrested there on a false charge of horse-stealing. After placing the noose about the prisoner's neck, "Broncho Bill" inquired tenderly, "Yer ham't got nuthin' to say afore you'se hung, has yer?"

"A single request will suffice," coolly remarked the young philosopher. "I shall have the presumption to entreat that I be executed in grammatical English."

"Bill" cut the noose and stood the drinks.

WE have had a few very cold and stormy days, but our hopes were not realized; the steam was on, and the building was warm. Well, we have a chance yet; there are more cold days coming.

THE baseball season will follow close on the track of hletics, and the patriotism of our graduates should aid us in developing a good team. Boys, here's another chance for your megaphones. Come out and use them. Noise is a substantial part of the game of baseball.

SNAP SHOTS



The description of Master B. A. Gould of the Latin School in the December number of the REGISTER, quoted from an article published in the *Youth's Companion* of November 5th, does great injustice to a most worthy man. Mr. Gould was a gentleman and scholar, and the descriptions of him given by his pupils, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the "History of the Latin School," show that he never could have addressed his pupils in such a manner as is ascribed to him in the above-mentioned article. It was his predecessor, Mr. William Biglow, who was the "eccentric man," and if the writer of the article in the *Youth's Companion* had consulted the same "Historical Sketch of the Latin School," he would have found in account from the pen of Mr. Rufus Dawes of Master Biglow and his manner of keeping school, in which he would have discovered that it was Master Biglow who originated the rhyme which he has wrongly ascribed to Mr. Gould.

H. A. J., 1900.

(N.B. This correction should have appeared last month, but by some error was omitted.)

There are apparently two occasions when our graduates come back in throngs to their Alma Mater,—Thanksgiving and Class Day. On this latter occasion we were glad to welcome large numbers of our former heroes, especially of the later graduates. But why do not more of the older generation come over and watch the boys once in a while? Some of those who can be ranked with Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips, who used to vie in youthful eloquence on our platform, just as some of us are doing now. They would surely find something of interest in our exercises.

To the inquirer: Blue trousers with a stripe of questionable color, said to be red, is not always the uniform of a member of an Italian band. Our adjutant,—we hope he will not be offended,—has the honor of wearing this uniform. It is at least striking.

They sat there talking over boys, the master and the scholar.

"And how does X now get along?" asked the youth with lofty collar.

"Why, X hard luck does sure retard," the master quick replies;

"Good marks at all do never fall to him, though well he tries."

* * *

Next morning X was well apprised that one did make enquiry

About his standing in the class; his heart waxed very fiery.

"See here, my dear, if you would hear about my marks," X cried.

"You come to me and then you'll see your questions not denied."

Now, week by week, they never speak, but pass with heads on high;

And, every day, the other way they look as they pass by.

Aeneas in maternis armis fertur; 'Aeneas is borne along in his mother's arms.'

The desperate reciter has no regard for nature, if the following translations are to be credited, for "swans settle down with a clang," this man "speaks with his stomach," and that one "laughs from his long hair."

An interesting evening school is carried on in the basement corner room, opposite the old lunch room and fronting on Warren avenue. A class of fifteen or twenty young men and women meet three times a week to practice modeling. Undoubtedly some of their models are of the figures of the Greeks and Romans we mangle in the class room.

Instructor: "How did the Suesiones show their affection for Cæsar?"

Bright Pupil: "They held out their hands without arms."

Mr. Henry J. Pagani, of the publishing house of Copeland & Day, has presented the school with a copy of "Cinder Path Tales," by Mr. William Lindesay. At this time of year, when our schools and colleges are training for athletic meets, this little book will give great pleasure to the trainer and the young athlete. There are comparatively few books of the track, and very few in which the stories are well and interestingly told, and for this reason great credit is due the author for the bright, attractive way in which he has presented the sketches. Mr. Lindesay has hit upon a capital plan in telling his stories. He represents himself as an old trainer recounting his experiences, and the ups and downs of the life of the "cinder path." By this means the book is made strikingly true to life, even the language of the track being retained,—not to such a degree, however, as to prevent the uninitiated from understanding it. No one interested in athletics should miss reading the book; and to one who is not of athletic inclination, we can guarantee a pleasant hour or two in the reading. It is of interest to add that Mr. Pagani is an ex-'96 Latin School boy, and Mr. Copeland is also a graduate of the school.

Mr. F. L. Bateman, a former member of our school, and later a teacher here, is elected to the School Committee, and Mr. F. L. Codman, Jr., a former Latin School pupil, is elected to the Board of Aldermen.

From New Year's day till April first
May prove a long and dreary route;
O, may our poor heads not be burst
With Latin, Greek, and more to boot.

Have you noticed how a little variety is creeping into our public declamations? We actually had a piano solo in the January "dec." It is the first one for at least four years. Where is the Glee Club?

The noun "furcifer," by derivation, means "bearer of the fork." What a quick-witted fellow that student must have been who translated it "clam-digger."

Scindere comas.—"To split hairs."

The essayist must soon essay,
The poet mark his time;
For the first of May, not far away,
Decides the fate of prose and rhyme.

Athletic Notes.

The Indoor Meet.

The Indoor Meet came off on February 20, and was a great success from a spectator's point of view, and probably financially as well, for a large number attended. It was not generally supposed that last year's records would be abused, but every record was broken except in three events, which will be mentioned later.

The 30-yard dash was the first event, and had a large number of entries. C. D. Daly was the first man to finish, and he did the distance in four seconds from scratch, an improvement of quarter of a second on Maguire's record. S. M. Whalen was second man, and Jordan (scratch) third. C. J. Hackett made 4-second time in his trial heat from the 1-foot mark. McCormack and Greenwood did not do as well as was expected of them.

The 35-yard hurdles were next run off. C. D. Daly again lowered Maguire's record by a quarter of a second, doing the three flights in 5 seconds. E. W. Crawford was second, and A. P. Young third.

Next, four little fellows from the fourth and fifth classes tussled with the same number of boys from the junior class of the English High School. Warden did not come up to expectations, and let his man get away from him, and though Packard, Marshall and Greenwood held their own, they could not do any more, and Marks came in 15 yards or more ahead of his opponent. He did not have to let himself out in the least.

The 1000-yard run was anxiously awaited, as nearly every one expected to see a good match between Lincoln and Crawford, but the latter seemed over-trained and did not run his best, while the captain of the team had other races in view, and was content to romp in an easy second. The time was 2.25, more than 10 seconds less than the inter-scholastic record, but this phenomenal time will not supersede last year's modest record of 2.52-2.5, as the course was one lap short of 1000 yards. Noone was the third man, and he did finely.

Before this the more bulky members of the team had tried an experiment in projectiles, but so lavishly were the handicaps dealt out in the shot-put that Fitch, who made the best distance, did not get a place. B. E. Wood, 4 feet, was first with a put of 27 feet 8 1-2 inches,

while Reagan, 3 feet, was second, and Daly, 1 foot, third. Fitch's put was 27 feet 2 1-2 inches. The record was 31 feet, 8 1-2 inches.

The slow bicycle race brought three starters, but Marshall was the only one to finish; his time was 1.35 2-5 across the hall.

The high jump was a disappointment. Wood was counted on as a record-breaker, but he got tired at 4.9 3-4, and Whalen captured first with an inch higher, not trying for a record. A. P. Young was third.

A big crowd lined up for the trial heats of the 300, and as the first three were allowed in the finals, which was run at the end of the meet, this also was uncomfortably full. Although Lincoln had been running all the afternoon, he showed up in wonderful form. It was the first time he ever ran a 300, and with 10 yards handicap he came in in 40 4-5 seconds. Maguire's record was 47 2-5. Burnham, 15 yards, was second. Daly came in third, being the only scratch man to get a place.

In the 600, Lincoln managed to take first, though he was almost exhausted, and had to run the last part of the race on his nerve. His time was 1.43 1-5, 3 seconds behind his previous record. Marshall, 25 yards, was second, and Noone, 30 yards, third.

The pole vault was decidedly the event of the day. It was supposed that Lincoln's generous handicap of four inches would pull him through any emergency that might arise, and though, in spite of his exhausted condition, he vaulted actually 7.10, he could not win. Osgood Packard, who seemed too small to be dangerous, proved himself a coming giant among pole-vaulters. He looked pretty as a picture, and this, coupled with the neat way in which he cleared the bar, captured the spectators, who were with him from the very start. He was supposed to be equal to 7 feet, 3, but he had a good foot back of that, and he did not fail at the height of 8 feet 1. As he cleared the bar far and high, time after time, the hall rang with applause, and when the exhibition was over, one boy expressed the opinion that "there wasn't a fellow in the hall who wouldn't lend him a dollar." He did not try to break Maguire's record of 8 feet, 4 inches. The vault as recorded, including handicap, was 8 feet, 2 inches. The scratch men did not show up well, Bonelli taking third place.

The last event of the day was the regimental team race, in which the third battalion were easy winners. Reed and Lincoln for the third battalion, and Young for the first, did remarkably well.

A foul was claimed by the losers, and considerable abuse heaped on the officials because it was not allowed. Not to mention the difficulty of passing on corners and the injustice awarding any but the most obvious foul in such a hall, it surely is clear to all that the alleged foul had not the slightest effect on the result of the race, and therefore, those who claimed it so avidously were actuated by merely mercenary motives. The meet was surely a most entertaining one, and those who missed it have reason to regret their absence.

The first and second men in each event will receive medals, which will be publicly presented in the near future. Appended are some individual and class statistics:

Name and Class.	Points Won.
*A. W. Lincoln, '97, - - - - -	16
C. D. Daly, '99, - - - - -	12
E. W. Crawford, '97, - - - - -	8
A. P. Young, '97, - - - - -	2
S. M. Whalen, '97, - - - - -	8
*J. G. Jordan, '99, - - - - -	1
B. E. Wood, '97, - - - - -	8
E. A. Reagan, O. C., - - - - -	3
O. Noone, '00, - - - - -	2
E. B. Marshall, '00, - - - - -	8
K. A. Burnham, '00, - - - - -	3
O. Packard, '00, - - - - -	5
*L. Bonelli, '97, - - - - -	1
*T. H. Reed, '97 - - - - -	

* Members of winning team in team race.

Class '97, - - - - -	43	Points
" '00, - - - - -	18	"
" '99, - - - - -	13	"
" O. C., - - - - -	3	"

Every year before this one the gymnasium has been opened before the holidays. Perhaps Dr. Hartwell, who has the superintendence of physical training in the schools of Boston, has some plan in mind that requires a longer time to put in operation. At any rate we are all anxious to do our little performances on horizontal bars, etc., and to test our increased strength by means of the various appliances.

The school which Katchesky is attending is Mr. C. B. Frye's, not A. B. Frye's, as stated last month.

Frost, '94, captain of Co. A. and winner of first prize in declamation, visited the school this month.

Lessons drawn from the game of Nov. 26:

"Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose."—[Gay.

"Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect"—[Shakespeare.

Football with plums,
When report comes

Take care!

Study hour's done,
Lessons, not one,

"Hardly fair."

Sits down to cram
Before the exam,

Do or dare.

Marks by the score,

Then come censures four,—

Despair.

R.F.L., '97.

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The Cause of the Cuban War.

By J. EDWARD RUSSELL.

You are all familiar with the history of Spanish rule in Italy, in the low countries, and in what now are the republics of Spanish America. Recall, if you will, the acts of oppression and tyranny committed by Spain in those countries during her domination, and the scene of bloodshed and carnage with which it came to an end, and you will have the background of the picture of Spanish rule in Cuba.

During three centuries Cuba was condemned by her oppressor to isolation and neglect. In consequence, two hundred years after the conquest, her population did not exceed fifty thousand souls, and one hundred years later it had scarcely reached two hundred thousand. Her inhabitants were forced to live in poverty and in ignorance. In poverty, to such an extent that famines were a frequent occurrence.

When a desire for education began to be felt by the well-to-do classes of the Cuban people, the youths were sent by their parents to the United States, there being at that time no institutions of learning in Cuba. But this practice was considered by the Spanish government not only improper but exceedingly dangerous to the welfare of the government, so in 1799, by royal decree, an order was issued in Madrid, dissuading the parents from continuing the practice, from which only evil consequences could be expected. The people of Cuba objected to this; so in 1828 a severer form of the order was issued. These were the first symptoms of disagreement between Spain and Cuba.

In 1865 the tremors of an approaching revolution were felt all through the island, and commissioners were appointed by the home government to proceed to Spain to report about the general condition of the country. But it only increased Spain's hatred for the Cubans, and nothing grew out of it.

In 1866 the taxes were increased to such an extent that in some parts of the island the land-owners were unable to pay them. This new outrage hastened the revolution, but the Cubans were badly prepared for it; they had no arms, no ammunition, no equipments, in fact, no war materials of any kind except fowling pieces and machetes.

But the country people were restless and could not be restrained, so the uprising took place. This war lasted ten years; it cost the country some 45,000 lives and over \$1,000,000,000. Some districts were left entirely depopulated and in ruins. Spain lost over 190,000 men. In money the war cost her nothing, all the expenses being paid by Cuba. During the ten years of war, about 13,000 estates, belonging

to the Cubans, were confiscated. The work of assassination was carried on by the Spanish government in an appalling manner. Between 1806 and 1873 no less than 2,927 political prisoners were executed, and in November, 1873, 4,672 persons were reported captured by the Spaniards and nothing was ever heard of their fate.

When Spain became convinced that she could not subdue the revolution by force of arms, she resorted to treachery, and selected General Martinez Campos as her instrument. He succeeded in making an agreement with the Cubans, by which they were to be granted self government to a certain extent. Martinez Campos was probably acting in good faith, but his government was not, and after the Cubans had waited for many years for the promised reforms, all the time being crushed by taxation and threatened by universal bankruptcy, they decided to fight for their rights and for their liberties, and again raised

the standard of revolt against their oppressors in February, 1895, this time with a firm resolution either to drive them out of the island, or to reduce it to ashes and die in the ruins.

The Cuban army is made up of all elements of the Cuban people, because the whole population, with the exception of the 180,000 Spaniards residing there, is against the government. Even of the Spaniards there are several hundreds in the Cuban ranks, and not a few thousands, who, apparently siding with the government, are in full sympathy with the Cuban cause.

The unanimous choice of the House of Representatives for Speaker during 1897 is Mr. John L. Bates, a former member of B. L. S. In politics, as well as in many other departments, the Latin School is well represented by its graduates.



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